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The Missile

NOVEMBER, 1913.

Petersburg High School
Petersburg, Virginia.

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THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School,
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

Vol. III. NOVEMBER, 1913. No. 1

SCHMERZLIED.

Translated from the German.

Oh, if the little flowers knew
How deeply wounded is my heart,
I'm sure they would shed tears of dew
To heal my pain in part.

If it were known by nightingales
How very sad I be,
They would sing sweetly in the dales
Their songs, refreshing me.

And if the stars with golden lights
Could only know my sorrow,
They would come down from their great heights
And drive away the shadow.

But I, not they, will know it ever;
Only one can know my pain.
Anguish will be mine forever,
For she broke my heart in twain.

THEODORE L. ROETTGER, '16.

THE RUNAWAY PRINCESS.

"THEY all sleep," said the little Princess Esther to herself; "so I will fly while I may."

She pushed open the massive door and slipped out, pausing a moment to be sure she was not heard. Then, picking up her silken skirts, she ran down the winding stairs and out at the back entrance. She ran over the grass and through the hedge, tearing her pink silk skirt, but never stopping till she reached the King's Forest.

Turning to the left, she ran across a beautiful green glade through which a flower-bordered brook babbled. On and on she ran till she reached a little vine-covered hut shaded by a large old tree. Here she stopped breathless, and, peeping in, called softly,

"Bettine !"—and then, "Ah, she hath not returned. Meanwhile, I shall wait, take off these senseless robes, and rest me." She entered the hut, and going to the corner, took out a bundle.

"Tis the frock," she murmured, unwrapping it, and disclosing a green skirt, a linen blouse, and a pair of black slippers and white stockings. A pleased smile flitted over her face, "Tis her best. How oft hath she spoken with pride of her green skirt and white stockings her brother Bernard brought from the Great Metropolis! Now will I off with my own fine clothes and don Bettine's." Somehow the Princess got out of the heavy brocaded gown and took off her little gold slippers. "I shall borrow the skirt and slippers; my own bodice and waist will serve me," she said. At length her toilet was completed, and she ran to the brook and tied back her

wonderful golden curls with a ribbon from her bag. "Now will I lie on this cool grass and rest me till Bettine cometh." Slowly the blue eyes grew heavy, and the long-lashed lids closed over them. The little princess slept.

Confusion and excitement reigned in the palace. The beautiful little princess was lost! Heralds proclaimed throughout the kingdom, "King Harold will grant to who so bringeth back the Princess Esther any boon he may crave." At once the search was begun. Two months passed, and still the princess could not be found. The king was almost crazed.

Meanwhile, Bernard and Bettine returned and welcomed the princess and consented to her plan of staying with them.

The next day, when Bernard was gone out into the forest, Esther persuaded Bettine to put on the brocaded gown and go to the palace.

When she arrived, the city went well-nigh mad with joy; they thought the princess was restored to them. The king, however, was not deceived; when he saw her his heart sank. This little dark beauty was not his daughter; yet for Esther's sake he received her and soon learned to love her as if she were his own.

In the forest Esther grew strong and healthy with never a thought of the grief she was causing. At first Bernard had been furious, but she reminded him haughtily that she was the princess and, he had at length to give in. One day as Esther sat before the door, with her eyes closed, a slender, dark lad stepped out of the bushes and gazed intently at her.

"Methinks she hath the look of my Cousin Esther

though she be browner than my cousin. She will not know me; so I shall accost her," said he to himself. He leaned forward and touched her small hand. Esther sprang up in alarm, but the boy said calmly,

"Fear not; I shall do thee no hurt. Art thou the Princess Esther?"

Esther smiled.

"Have I the look of a princess?"

"Yea, thou hast in spite of thy mean garb."

"Tis not a mean garb," flashed Esther with blazing eyes; 'tis Bettine's best. Thou hast the look of a princely boy, but, verily, thou hast the manners of a beggar!"

"Pardon, pardon, I had not meant to laugh," cried the boy hastily. Then, drawing himself up proudly, he said: "Thou spokest rightly. I am a prince. I am called Herald, son of Ethart, whom King Herold drove forth from the Great Metropolis in—."

"Knowest thou the Great Metropolis? and King Herold?" broke in Esther eagerly.

"Yea; King Herold drove my father thence these two years agone."

"Ah," said Esther softly, "he hath rued it sorely ere this and wished thee and thy father safe again within the palace walls. But canst thou keep a secret? Then list; I am the Princess Esther, and I have run away!"

"Thou little knowest the grief thou hast caused thy good father, the King, "said Prince Herold a trifle sternly.

Tears filled the blue eyes.

"I had not thought," faltered she. "But stay, come thou in, and refresh thee and thou shalt tell me all."

And it came to pass that on the next day a handsome

prince rode up to the palace of the Great Metropolis with the fair Pincess Esther and claimed her for his bride. Throughout the great city was much rejoicing. The lost had been fouud!

MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM, '16

A MINISTER'S SON.

ADDY?"

"Well, Jack," answered his father.

"Where you, Daddy?"

"I'm in the study, Jack."

"What you doing in the study, Daddy?"

"I'm studying a sermon for—."

"For Sunday or for me, Daddy?"

"For you if you don't go to sleep," was the reply.

"Yes, Daddy."

Ten minutes later.

"Daddy?"

No answer from the other room.

"Oh, Daddy?"

"What do you want, Jack?" asked the minister crossly.

"Daddy, is I four years old?"

"Yes, Jack, you're four years old. Now go to sleep, and I'll give you five cents."

"Five cents, Daddy?"

"Yes, five cents."

"Um-m, I could buy a whole lot of things for five cents, couldn't I, Daddy?"

"Yes; but if you don't go to sleep, you'll get five slaps. Do you hear me?"

Exactly at quarter to nine Jack awoke.

"Daddy?"

No answer.

"Oh, Daddy."

Still no answer.

"Oh, Daddy, Daddy."

Again no answer.

"Daddy, Papa, Father, oh, Daddy!"

"What?"

"Daddy, you know what I'm going to do with that nickel you going to give me?"

"No!" was the stern reply.

"Well, I'm going to buy some everlasting candy, an all-day-suck——."

"Jack Tompson, go to sleep this minute, or I'll whip you severely," said his father.

"Yes sir!" whimpered Jack.

The clock struck ten, when again came the cry, "Daddy?"

"I don't know, "Daddy."

"What in the world do you want now, Jack? When do you think I am to finish my sermon?"

"Well——."

"Daddy, ain't you glad I'm the only boy little you got, Daddy?"

"Well, I don't know," was the uncertain reply.

"Well, Daddy, 'spose you had a hundred and twenty-eleven little boys, would you——?"

"Jack Tompson, what would you say if I came in there to you?"

"I'd say *Here comes my Daddy now.* But, Daddy, I'm going to sleep now."

"That's right, my son."

"Daddy, you ain't forgot that nickel, have you, Daddy?"

"No, Jack."

Ten minutes later.

"Daddy, is you most started your sermon?" asked the little fellow.

"Yes, most," was the reply.

"Well, I'm most sleep, Daddy."

"Amen!" was the reply.

—Dorothy Spooner.

FOR THE SAKE OF ALMA MATER.

EXCITEMENT was at its height at Cornwall. Affairs were in a bad state, although every Cornwall enthusiast had figured and puzzled over the situation until his brain was numb. Heart-to-heart talks in the frat-houses, a consultation in the gym, and down at the Norwood "dog" had re-echoed the same conclusion. Foot-ball managers and megaphone-voiced seniors had impressed it upon the consciousness of every Cornwallian: Cornwall's Varsity could not possibly put it over on Dublin's team without Dave; and Dave—well, he was almost an impossibility. The situation was serious indeed, although Dave could not be made to see it in that light.

Dublin had taken the last game from Cornwall, and Thanksgiving had been chosen as the most favorable time to play off the tie and decide the championship. Dublin was elated over her late success and was positive she could win easily. Yet Cornwall was equally as confident, for with Dave on the gridiron Dublin's chances

were as thin as air. Dave had been laid up at the last game with a sprained wrist, and without him to strengthen the line Cornwall had gone down in defeat; but she was confident that the championship would be hers in the end. The date had been set for the twenty-fifth, and all Cornwall would be at Dublin that day. With good weather, and Dave as half-back they were looking forward to an easy victory. There was to be a band, and Tony was getting his rooters in fine shape. Of course, old Connie would win if Dave were in the field, and then it would be—back to Cornwall for a big Thanksgiving dinner and dance.

Dave Overdon was Cornwall's pride. What matter if he did come on a charity scholarship, and if he did work during vacations to send money to "Mother," down on the Eastern Shore? If you weighed one hundred and forty-six after your bath, and stood five feet, nine in your foot-ball togs, with muscles as hard as concrete; if you had the bravery of a hero and the "rep" of a "scared-of-nothing; if your heart worked as a newly regulated clock, and your brain equally as well; and if you could kick a forty-yard goal, and make your way across the gridiron to the accompaniment of a yelling chorus of five thousand voices: it mattered little if you did come to Cornwall in a third class coach and if you lived in a three-room cottage on the Eastern Shore.

Such was Dave Overdon, and Dave had failed them; Dave, the plucky half-back, who had led the Cornwall team to a glorious victory and won the cup for dear old Alma Mater. Dave had failed them and all on account of a foolish promise made to a dark-eyed girl down home.

"Awfully sorry to disappoint you fellows," Dave had said, "but you will get on all right without me. What's

the rub with Keats at half-back? He has me beat in every way, and you know boys I've got to be home for Thanksgiving. It wouldn't seem like Thanksgiving if I didn't spend it with Mother, and she would be so disappointed if I didn't, and besides, there's Peggy. It means everything to me, boys, this trip. I promised her I'd come, and I simply must go." There was a falter in his voice and every one knew the cause; Dave was in love. No one could blame him either, for all remembered vividly a pair of laughing black eyes that had watched Dave so closely when he played *Hinkoo*, the blacksmith in the college play last term. Peggy had come up to the Easter festivities at Dave's invitation, and many had been the attempts to cut Dave out, but the boys knew well that if Dave were present no one need have any hope of success; but, although all the fellows envied him, every one loved him.

"But listen, Davie lad," insisted Hendron, the foot-ball manager, think of it man! Think of the defeat! Keats could no more take your place than I could, and every one knows that I am no more fitted to play half-back than I am to play the piano. Won't you stay, Dave? We were confident of your help in this. Write to Peggy and explain. She'll understand, I know she will, for she is not the kind to stand on ceremony when it comes to a thing like this. Think a minute, Dave, can't you see the greatness of it, the glory for dear old Alma Mater? Won't you stay and fight it out; for if you go we are lost, lost?"

Dave was beginning to yield. No fellow with a heart like Overdon's could listen unflinchingly to such an appeal; for next to his mother and Peggy, Dave loved foot-

ball, and his great heart beat fast, as a great tiger hungry for its prey.

"Oh, I'll stay, fellows," he consented reluctantly; "I'll stay, but I'll never win, never with this on my heart."

The last part of his sentence was drowned in the yell that followed. Chairs and tables were overturned, while cries of "Davie, Davie, three cheers for Davie!" re-echoed through the old hall.

That night in his room, while his room-mate snored loudly between the sheets, Dave Overdon sat far into the small hours of the morning, writing and rewriting a letter to Peggy. "I can't write it," he muttered. I simply can't do it. She and Mother will be so disappointed. It means no Thanksgiving for me this year, and he thought longingly of a dear little mother who would have no one to share her Thanksgiving dinner. Then his thoughts wandered to the college, his college, dear old Cornwall. He thought of the fellows delight and saw in his mind's eye the long line of muscular foot-ball men. He could hear them yell "ninety-three,"——and then the charge.

"Guess I'll stay," he concluded. "I'll stay; I must; I'll stay and fight, fight for the glory of dear old Alma Mater."

The next morning these lines were speeding on their way:

"Dear Peg:

So sorry to disappoint you, but cannot come home for Thanksgiving. We are to play Dublin on the twenty-fifth. This is our last chance, and we are going to try to play off the tie. Don't think hard of me, Peggy, for I just can't help it. Tell Mother I will write later.

Yours, DAVE."

The long-looked-for day had come at last. The crowd that boarded the Valley Express that Wednesday morning was a buzzing mass of confidence, which approached almost certainty and a willingness to stake life's dearest possessions on Cornwall's victory. If only Dublin were there to bet with! Tony, with megaphone in hand, could hardly wait to reach the end of the line, but gave frequent vents to his enthusiasm in long drawn "Rah's" and sonorous "Team's." Tony was being heard if not seen, and the holiday passengers aboard watched enviously the hope of victory. Shouts of cheering accompanied each of the Varsity men as they boarded the train, for they were every one's darlings that day—the picked eleven.

Cornwall sent an aggregation of one thousand down to root the team to victory at Dublin, and the few who remained behind finished their turkey and pumkin pie in gloomy silence. By three o'clock the Express reached Dublin, and the stream of yelling Cornwallians leaped off.

It was a cold, crisp afternoon, and the slight snow which had fallen the previous day, made the grounds almost unfit for playing. But, despite the slush and the pending snowstorm, ten thousand waited in eager anticipation of the coming fight. The endless hubbub and interminable yells made it hard to hear one's own voice. All at once a "Hush-h-h-h," quieted the Freshmen.

"Look, look," yelled Tony, as Cornwall's Varsity moved slowly out closely followed by Dublin. Tony's megaphone suddenly became active. "Now, fellows, a lo-o-ng one for Cornwall. Are-you-ready?" And College Place shook like a split thunder-cloud. The crowd, watching in the grandstand, saw the charge and saw Dave with

the ball. With a dash he broke through the line, followed by the Dublin lads in close chase. He was gaining fast, but with a false step slipped in the mud, losing the ball on the sixteen-yard line.

A cry of dismay from the Cornwall rooters swept the field. "Go it, Dave. Hold 'em down like you used to," roared the mob.

"What's Dave raw about? Giving us a raw deal all right," was the whisper, for something was evidently troubling Dave. Dave was playing, and that was all. Dave himself was not there. "Wonder if that's the one Cornwall's so proud of," sneered a Dublin fellow; "pretty poor stuff, that guy."

But if Dave had only seen that pair of black eyes watching him from the grandstand and heard that well-known voice cheering him to victory, he would not have let Dublin carry the ball across the field and make a touchdown so easily. Peggy was there, and so was Mother; come to spend Thanksgiving with Dave. "If he can't come, we will go to him," she had said.

Oh, if Dave only knew! Why didn't he look! and Dave did look. Scanning the crowd, between halves, and saw in the distance the well-known faces, and with a yell he was on his feet, shouting frantically to a white handkerchief waving from the stand.

When the second half began, it was the same old Dave who took his place in the line-up. All his eagerness had returned, and those who watched him knew that the gleam in his eye meant victory. The crowd in the grandstand waited impatiently. The score six to nothing, and Cornwall going bad! Why didn't Dave play? Suddenly a "Sh-h-h" intensified the calm of expectancy. Dub-

lin's man had fallen in the slush and lost the ball. He had nearly recovered it when Dave burst in from almost nowhere, snatched the ball and pushed his way through the Dublin line, for an eighty yard dash to victory in the last ninety seconds of the game. "Time up," yelled the referee, But Dave had made it; he had scored a touchdown, kicked goal and won the game for dear old Cornwall.

A deafening yell of applause arose from the crowd, while cries of "Davie, Davie, good for Davie," rent the air. Tony's megaphone was again busy, and a cry, half song, half yell, broke thunderously upon the late afternoon.

"What's the matter with Davie lad?
He's all right!
What's the matter with Davie lad?
He's all right!
For Davie's feet are shod so fine
He can kick a goal from the fifty-yard line,
Say! What's the matter with Davie lad?
He's—all—right!"

Dave did not know how it happened, but somehow he found himself up in the air, borne on the shoulders of the Cornwallians, mad with victory. "We knew you'd do it," they yelled; "we knew you'd do it;" and they again broke out, "What's the matter with Davie lad? He's all right!"

What of Davie? What were his feelings, what were his thoughts? He was happy, tremendously happy, and proud too that he had helped to win the victory for dear old Alma Mater. But Dave's thoughts just then were with

Peg and Mother, who he knew were awaiting him at the station, and he could scarcely wait until the rejoicing were over. He eagerly scanned the crowd at the train, trying to get a glimpse of the well-known faces. Suddenly he bounded forward to where a little woman in gray and a laughing girl with roguish black eyes were gaily conversing with the college boys.

"Why, it's Mother," he exclaimed as he clasped the slight form in his strong arms. "You don't know how glad I am to see you, and how I longed to spend Thanksgiving with you. And you too, Peg, I am so glad you came," and he took the little gloved hand eagerly.

"You did right, Dave, of course," murmered his mother; "always be true to your mater, dear," she laughingly added.

Dave easily persuaded his mother and Peg to go back with them, and it was a merry crowd that gathered that night in the large hall at Cornwall. The decorations were profuse; evergreens covered every available space. The huge tables almost groaned beneath their weight of Thanksgiving delicacies, and the merry-makers stilled talked incessantly of the wonderful victory. Dave had the seat of honor while on either side of him sat Peg and his mother. The long line of college men cast envious glances at Dave, while Tony winked furtively at Peg, much to Dave's annoyance.

At length Tony rose, and in a voice hoarse from yelling, drawled out: "Fellows, let's drink to Dave and the fair maiden who sits at his side. May they live long and always be faithful to dear old Alma Mater!" A yell of approval followed this speech, and Dave was dragged from his seat and carried around the room amidst a roar

of applause, while Peggy, covered with blushes, talked incessantly to hide her embarassment. Suddenly Dave jumped up and stood in his chair. "I propose, fellows," he cried, "to drink to the Mater, not Alma Mater, but *the* Mater," with a laughing nod toward his mother. "Long may she live to enjoy many more Thanksgivings as happy and eventful as this one!" The crowd took up the toast at once, and cries of "Mater, Mater, three cheers for Davie's Mater," shook the old hall to its very foundations.

Later, when the excitement had subsided and the lights from the bonfire celebrations were dying out on the campus, Dave and Peg stood alone beneath the stars. It may have been the wicthery of the silver-gray moonlight, or it may have been the magic of her presence; but in that moment Dave uttered words he had not dared to frame even in his dreams. He clasped her hands in both of his; and as he pressed them fervently, his eyes dimmed, and he murmured softly, "Peg, let us always remember this Thanksgiving which has done so much for me, bringing me Mother, the glory for dear old Alma Mater, and you, dear, you."

Louise Talbott, '14.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

If some bright pupil only would
Invent some scheme or way
To get promoted without study
His fame would come to stay.

AUTUMN DAYS.

There is nothing quite so charming
As the early days of fall,
When the trees are turning crimson,
And from every maple tall
There's a shower of fluttering leaflets
Glancing, dancing, over all.

In the wild-woods, great tall chestnuts
Offer up their bounty free,
And the small gray-coated squirrel
Is as happy as can be,
As he stores away his treasures
In the hollow of a tree.

By the roads and in the meadows
Graceful asters bend and nod,
Clad in royal gold and purple,
Doing homage to their god,
And beside, and all around them,
Is the sturdy golden-rod.

So we'll profit by the lesson
Which the autumn doth supply,
And we'll all be gay and happy,
Like the leaves which flutter by;
And the precepts of the squirrel
We must keep, both you and I.

MILDRED H. MCCALEB, '14..

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ANOTHER school term has begun, and we stand, as it were, upon the threshold of a new day, expectant and hopeful. Everything seems possible now. The cool autumn days have imbued us with new energy, and we begin work in a truly startling manner. Many of our

old friends are gone, and new ones have come in their places. Mr. Smithey, who has been our efficient principal for the past six years, has left us to enter upon his duties as Registrar at the Harrisonburg Normal. Under Mr. Smithey's wise supervision, the history of our school may be called "evolution of the P. H. S." He found us "minus" and left us "plus." We have emerged from the undesirable quarters on Union street, to our present comfortable, if not elegant ones. The installation of the unit system and the opening of the summer school are among the numerous advantages he has given us, Mr. Smithey has made many friends who heard with regret of his intended change. Not only has the High School lost a friend, but our city has lost a valued and progressive citizen. He was indeed our friend, and we take this means of thanking him for the deep interest which he took in the welfare of each of us, and we heartily wish him the greatest possible success in his new field. In his place we have Mr. H. D. Wolff, our former professor of mathematics. We congratulate ourselves on being so fortunate, and feel that in him we have one who has not only the interest of the school at heart but that of each individual as well. We welcome him to his new duties and trust that the school will co-operate with him in raising the standard of the Petersburg High School higher than it has ever been.

The Missile for the coming term has fallen into our hands. We appreciate the honor and yet at the same time feel the responsibility of the task. It is our aim to make the magazine better this year than it has ever been

before. We aim high, but we hope to accomplish it. When we look back upon the successful years which *The Missile* has experienced we are awed by the greatness of our undertaking; and yet if we succeed, it will not be through the staff alone, but through the hearty co-operation of the entire school. We are indeedproud of the interest manifested by the students. They have responded nobly to our appeal. Material has come in from all sides. So keep up the good work and be rewarded by seeing *The Missile* a great and glorious success. We have done our best, but *The Missile* goes forth "with all its imperfections on its head." Just remember, please, that it is your magazine, and criticize it as if you were criticising yourself.

M. Louise Talbott.

WHAT more can the girls of old P. H. S. ask? This is, indeed, a very difficult question to answer, for few things have ever been obtained that their accomplishment did not encourage another request. However, for the present our wants are satisfied, and the occasion for this contentment is the installation of a new department that we have been longing for ever since it was first introduced in our State. This is none other than a Domestic Science Department.

Until this year our school, one of the foremost in Virginina, had to stand aside and see other schools, far below our standard in scholarship, provide for the instruction of their girls in this line; while our girls were denied the opportunity to fit themselves thus for life. Naturally,

the question arose: "Why do we not have Domestic Science?" Then the campaign began which has resulted in procuring for us an ideal equipment with an excellent teacher and a splendid laboratory.

The time has passed when a girl's place is not in the kitchen. The new era calls for a woman thoroughly instructed in every branch of domestic training, and this training must come from the High School, as the only source of scientific and systematic instruction open to the mass of people. Our school board and those most interested in us have come to this conclusion and have contributed their part to establish the future model American home, for which contribution we are duly thankful; and the girls have responded by flocking eagerly to the Domestic Science laboratory. Their appreciation will be felt more deeply when our girls give a demonstration of what they have learned; and when the school board sees what good use we make of our opportunities, perhaps some day we shall get a new building and better facilities for work.

M. Francis Drewry.
Associate Editor.

Customer: "Have you any invisible hair nets?"
Clerk: "Yes."
Customer: "Let me see some please."

Before you pop the question, be sure and question pop.—*Ex.*

Of all sad words of tongue or pen
We hate above the rest
The dreaded knell, which ruin doth tell,
"Get ready for a test."

School Notes.

In IVB German Miss W— translated Der Pflug stier selbst, der sanfte Hausgenoss as "the plow ox, the patient family companion." Indeed none of us will allow Miss W— to choose our family companion if the above is her choice.

Miss F. says that Cotton Mather's essay on Intemperance influenced Benjamin Franklin against spiritual drinking.

Mr. Q. wants to know why all the teachers pick on him, when he doesnt do a thing.

Miss X. asked the IIB pupils not to talk with their eyes. We wonder what she meant!

Mr. Lavenstein in IIA Latin, when called upon to translate "Palus erat non magna inter nostrum atque hostium exercitum," replied "the hope was not great between our forces and those of the enemy."

Miss R: "Mr. A., can't you give us a quotation ?
Mr A: "No, I have forgotten everything I ever knew.

In IIA English, Miss Blank gave the class rules about swimming.

She asked Mr. K— his opinion of them, to which he replied: "If anybody tries to learn by those rules, they'll be drowned sure.

Mr. G. of IVA expressed his opinion very clearly on a certain letter which he was reading in stenography class the other day. He said, "As your letter is pressing me, etc."

In reciting a portion of the outline to Burke's speech, Mr. B—said: "The inhabitants were too large to be trifled with." What kind of people do you suppose he thought the Americans were at that time?

In IVB French Miss L—translated 'Il y va de ma gloria,' 'There goes my glory.' What a tragic thing to occur!

Miss N— Instead of her personal love for Gabriel whom did Evangeline now love?

Mr. T.—All men.

To the great dismay of the Civics and History classes, Miss Robertson required them to grade their classmates' test papers. Some of us may think we shall get justice for once, but at what a great cost! After this trying ordeal how many pupils will complain about their grades again?

We are interested to know that Miss Dorothy Norsworthy of 7A is doing well in the Norfolk schools.

We are sorry to hear of Mr. Brooks Willcox's accident, but hope he will come back soon.

In a letter describing our studies, Mr. J. of IA said, "We have been studying about Moses, Gideon, and some more of those old fellows."

All the pupils of IA will be glad to have Miss Hogwood back with us, she having been absent on account of sickness.

"Miss B., may I speak?" This familiar strain coming from Mr. C. D. H, is heard by the IB's the first thing in the morning, and the last thing in the afternoon.

The IB's were not a little surprised when they heard the name of Mr. Curtis Lyons read out for Scout Duty at the Fair to keep *other* people out of mischief.

Miss B. was telling the IVA German class what a nice class Mr. Wolff said the IVA French was, when Mr. A. said earnestly: "He didn't have a chance to question us."

Soon after school commenced, the senior class organized with the following officers.

President—Charley M. Gilliam.

Vice-President—Louise Talbott.

Secretary and Treasurer—Wallace Bowman.

Black and orange were chosen for their colors, and the yellow chrysanthemum for their flower. As yet no *motto* has been found which suits them.

Wanted: A hair-dresser for Miss L. of IA.

Wanted: A nurse for Mr. W. of IA.

Wanted: A Short Riddle from IA.

Wanted: Brains that will help Mr. M. understand Algebra.

Wanted: Some rubber heels for Mr. R.

Wanted: Some lunch for Miss H.

Wanted: A blotter that will absorb all the ink spilt by Miss W.

Wanted: A few bright remarks from IIA2 to aid the poor reporter of *The Missile.*

Wanted: Some notes from the Junior classes.

He told his love;
The color left her cheek;
But on the shoulder of his coat,
It showed up for a week. ANON.

All of us have missed very much the genial smile, as well as the watchful eye of our old friend Mr. Eanes, but we are delighted to know that he is rapidly recovering from his operation, and we trust that he will soon be able to be with us again.

He: "Will you marry me, dear? I'll make a model husband."

She: "Yes, I know that, but a model is a small imitation of the real thing."

Public gets the benefit,
High School gets the fame,
Printer gets the money,
Editor gets the blame.

IRENE GILLIAM, EDITOR.

Misses Ruth Percival, and Fanny and Mary Sterling Smith, graduates of the class of 1910, have not only completed their work at the Farmville "Normal," but are teaching in our city schools.

Misses Dorothy Lothrop Brown and Annie Lee Jones, after graduating at the State Normal and Industrial Institute, Harrisonburg, Va., are now teaching in the schools of this city.

Mr. Edward Alston Burgess, who graduated at P. H. S. in 1909, and at Randolph-Macon in 1913, is now teaching in Brazil.

Mr. Graham McManaway, a former graduate, and later teacher at P. H. S., is now teaching in the Chatham School for Boys.

Miss Cora M. Rolfe, the first-honor graduate of the class of 1912, has returned to Randolph-Macon Woman's College, where she will continue her studies begun last year.

Mr. Ernest N. Townes, '12, is now holding a responsible position with the Southern Dry Goods and Notion Company of this city.

Mr. John Gilliam, '03, is in China in the employ of the British-American Tobacco Company, Lt'd.

Miss Mary Hall, '13, is studying domestic science at Columbia University.

Miss Agnes Stribbling, Miss Eleanor Dillon and Miss Lilla Gerow, all of the class of '13, are continuing their studies at the Harrisonburg Normal.

Mr. J. Thompson Wyatt, '13, is working for the Virginia National Bank of this city.

Mr. Gustav Svetlik, '13, is attending the Medical College of Virginia in Richmond, Va.

Mr. Frank A. Buchanan and Mr. Thomas Wells, '13, are attending the Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg, Va.

Mr. Charles R. Stribling, Jr., '13, is continuing his studies at Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va.

Mr. Frederick Ribble, Jr., '13. is attending William and Mary College at Williamsburg, Va.

Mr. Robert G. Butcher, '13, is attending the University of Virginia, as is also Mr. Whitney Kinsey, a former student of P. H. S.

Athletics

Is there a High School in Virginia having an enrollment of 150 boys, from which number *eleven* cannot be found who will practice regularly for a foot-ball team? Had this question been asked us a month ago, doubtless our answer would have been unanimously in the negative; but since that time it has been discovered that there is *one* High School in this State with an enrollment of over 150 boys which cannot turn out a foot-ball team. Sad to relate, Petersburg High School is that one. P. H. S. should have turned out a winning team; the prospects were very bright; the manager was arranging an excellent schedule, the Cockade City Athletic Corporation had given the High School free use of the Ball Park in which to practice; and above all Mr. R. Beale Davis, a most efficient coach, had charge of the team. Is there any other High School in the State with these advantages which cannot turn out a foot-ball team? We most emphatically answer, "No."

Some one must be to blame for our High School's failure. Nothing but the highest praise can be given to Coach Davis, who labored for three weeks amid very adverse conditions, and gave up only when it was impossible to find eleven boys who would practice regularly.

The officers of the team are not to blame; they did everything in their power; but it was to no avail. Mr. Wolff, the principal, and Prof. Sharp, the manual training director, gave the matter their hearty support and encouraged it in every way possible; certainly no blame can be placed upon them. Who then is to blame? Every boy in the High School is directly to blame for the failure of the school to turn out a team. It is true some of the boys are too small to play, but they could at least have given the matter their support and encouragement. The majority of the boys acted with utter indifference in regard to the foot-ball team, not an atom of school spirit being manifested. Instead of being willing and eager to help the school develop a winning foot-ball team, the boys looked upon the matter as a hardship and seemed to think they were conferring a favor upon the Coach and the Captain of the team by coming out to practice. There were not three boys who reported for practice every day during the three weeks in which Coach Davis was endeavoring to develop a team. No school in the country can turn out a foot-ball team under these conditions.

Almost every other High School in the State has a foot-ball team and the season is now well under way. Where is the Petersburg High School eleven? Why haven't they a team? Who is to blame for their failure? How will you answer these questions? Reflect an instant and you have the answer: every boy in the Petersburg High School is directly responsible for the disgraceful failure. Think it over and see if by a gigantic effort you cannot arouse enough school spirit to cheer when you hear that the *girls* are going to develop a bas-

ket-ball team. Also decide right now that when spring comes, you will turn out a base-ball team that will be worthy of old P. H. S.

THE GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Recently the girls of the High School and the Seventh Grade met to form an Athletic Association. Miss Ruth Roper was elected president by a large majority. Miss Beatrice Coleman was elected secretary and treasurer. At a meeting the following day, it was determined to elect an Executive Committee; Misses Louise Talbott, Elizabeth Drewry and Mary Young were elected.

The organization of teams has been going forward rapidly. They have four from the High School and two from the Seventh Grade, thus making it possible to play match games among ourselves.

The increased number of players necessitates new equipment. To obtain this each member has been assessed twenty-five cents. In order to have sufficient practice we ought to have another basket-ball field, but as yet it has not been obtained.

After accomplishing all of this we, with the help of Miss Thomas and Miss Pilcher, expect to make a "big thing" of our Athletic Association.

"How did you feel at the fashionable wedding?"

"About as conspicuous as my pickle-dish looked among the jeweled bronzes and ropes of pearls."

Freshman puffs
Sophomore knows
Junior fusses
Senior—KNOWS.

Exchange Department.

CLARA C. JACKSON, - - - *Editor.*

We regret that the publication of *The Missile* has been necessarily postponed, and this being the first issue, we should like to say that all those magazines which we numbered among our exchanges last year, are cordially invited to exchange again this year, and any new magazines will be appreciated.

The "Forum," Mount Vernon, Ohio: Your Magazine would do credit to any High School. It is attractively arranged, well written, and your "Rubs" very enjoyable.

The "Critic," Lynchburg, Virginia: The "Critic" is even better than last year. "The Winning Game" is an unusually good story. Your joke department is very good, but don't you think it deserves a more prominent place?

The "Focus." Several things about your magazine are very attractive and unique; your "Sketches" are fine, your stories unusually good, and your Exchange Department something new and out of the ordinary.

THE OATH OF AN ATHENIAN YOUTH.

While visiting the Memphis High School, I saw a clipping from the newspaper pasted in a boy's history, and I copied it. I hope each of the history pupils of the High School will cut it out of *The Missile* and keep it in his history, and read over often. S. G. R.

The mayor of Boston requested that the oath of the Athenian youth be read to the assembled students.

THE OATH OF THE ATHENIAN YOUTH.

We will never bring disgrace to this our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or to set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty. Thus in all these ways, we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.

Let ponies alone, and you'll never get kicked.

The man that hath no Latin in his soul
Who is not stirred by "veni, vidi, vici"
Is fit for half-hours, demerits, and flunkations
Let no such man be thy desk-mate.

The poet: "I called to see if you had an opening for me?"

Editor: "Yes, there's one right behind you; shut it as you go out, please."

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